Chapters of Life

By: Gabrielle Szmidt

Ages

This is a therapy journal found in a parent's bookcase

**1998**: 4 almost 5. I turn 5 in January. I already have my birthday party planned out. I have all my friends coming over and we’re going to do arts and crafts. It’s cold outside so we have to do something inside. I’m not like my friends who have summer birthdays. They usually have a pool party or something cool like that. We’re always inside for my birthday. We’re gonna have cake and pizza because that’s my favorite party food. But my favorite food is mac n cheese. That’s what my daddy will make me on my birthday. He always makes me my favorite foods for my birthday. So I’m gonna have mac n cheese, steak, and apple juice. No vegetables. They’re gross. My mommy will probably make me have vegetables though. Even though it’ll be MY birthday. She says that I’m gonna have a little sister soon. My mommy’s tummy is really big now. She says my sister will come very soon. I hope she’s gonna be one of my birthday presents. I want to help my mommy and daddy with my sister. I can’t wait to have a little sister.

My mommy and daddy say that next year I’ll be going to big kid school, where I’ll stay all day, and learn all kinds of things. I’m excited because they told me that in big kid school they don’t take naps and I hate taking naps. Naps are the worst because I have to lay down and try to actually lay down and sleep. That’s not what day time is for though. Day time is for play time. I was chasing my friends around playing tag and I was singing Christmas songs because it’s almost Christmas time. I like Christmas because I get lots of presents. But I don’t like eating on Christmas Eve because all the adults make gross food that tastes not good. And I also have to wear tights with a fancy dress on Christmas Eve. I do NOT like tights. The little thing at the end always goes under my toes and it feels awful. I wish I could just wear the fancy dress without tights. That would be so much easier. I have gymnastics after school today. I hurt myself the last time I went so I’m kind of scared to do it again. Then I have ballet after school tomorrow. We’re practicing for the big recital. It’s next week! I’m excited to perform though.

**2003**: Age 9 almost 10. Well I'm in fifth grade. I really like my teacher Ms. Wigginton. It's a funny name but she's super nice and cool. I have Katie and Blake in my class so that's cool. I also have Chris and Brandon which is really annoying because they're really annoying during class. I also have to sit up near the front of the class because we got our eyes tested and I now have glasses because my eyes can't see good without them. I still have braces too which I hate but my orthodontist said I'll be able to get them off soon. I also sit near the front of the class because I have a hard time focusing on things we do in class. My mommy and daddy said that it's called A.D.D. I have to swallow pills to help me focus which is super gross. Swallowing pills is hard and I don't like doing it, but it helps me focus I guess.

Anyway Emily, Katie, Sophia, Alyssa, Haruna, Ashley, Saba, Melissa, Amanda, Blake, and Angus are all coming to my birthday party which is going to be super fun. We're going to do crafts and play lots of games. I can't wait. I also can't believe I'm turning 10. It's so cool, and I'm the oldest out of my friends so it's cool. I like playing with all of them at recess and lunch. Usually Angus and Blake go play soccer with all the other boys so us girls like to go play on the structures or go by the t-ball gates and put on shows for the little kids. It's really fun to make up shows for smaller kids. Also my mommy is a secretary at school now which is super awesome because if I need something I can just go to the office and ask her and I can go behind the desk! Maddy is in kindergarten now and she has Mrs. Blair like I had Mrs. Blair and she really likes her. Maddy is so cute sometimes because she'll show me art that she did in class and give it to me because she made it for me. I can't wait for Christmas because I already know everything I want and I sent my letter to Santa and I got a letter back with a sticker! I put it on my door and it's so cool!

**2008**: 14 almost 15. Well I'm almost 15. Which is okay. You know I haven't had the easiest year here. I'm a freshman now; thankfully I have some new friends. I thought I wouldn't have anyone when I first started here. You know, Emily and Sophia went to Justin-Siena, and Katie went to Vintage. Here I am at New Tech. But I fit in here. We're the weird kids. I have an awesome group of friends here. Emily (M), Hannah, Miranda, Natasha, Alana, Stephanie, Jessica, Shayne, Elyanah, Lexie, and Rachel, they've all taken me in which is great. Also I have a boyfriend, Levi, but my parents don't really like me being alone with him. Whatever. But I don't know, we've had some issues. We might break up. I don't know. I didn't get to go to winter formal because of my stupid parents so I'm really mad. But my friends said it was kinda lame so it's not a big deal.

Also like half the girls on the water polo team were going to do winter polo this year, like Malissa, Peachy, Mickey, and Meli, but I didn't want to because like it's winter time, I don't want to be in the pool when it's so cold outside! My dad says I should do swim team next semester. Which I think I will because I know I need to get better at swimming and some of the water polo girls will be on the team too. Plus Holly is the swim team coach and she's awesome. I don't know what I'm doing for my birthday yet. Probably something at the house or whatever. Definitely inviting all my friends from New Tech and Emily, Sophia and Katie. I'm so glad we're on winter break now. School is totally stressful. Global Studies is stupid, P.E. is like the easiest class ever, Geometry is hard but Mr. Paisley is the best, and I hate Spanish with a burning passion. Not the language obviously, but Mr. Vovchuck is a vile teacher. He is no help and always looks down on us for not knowing Spanish like dude that's why we're in this class, to learn Spanish, duh. Anyway, after next semester I can start learning how to drive! I can't wait to learn how to drive. I'm going to have my own car (maybe) and be able to go wherever I want.

**2011**: 17 almost 18. This year was a shitty shit storm of a year. I wish I could go and erase it from my history. There was very little that was good about this year and I'm tired. I just want to be done with existing for a little while. I just need a break. Something. But no, this year the world decided let's shit on my parade because why the fuck not. First, I kept getting really really sick. Like I didn't get over colds for weeks and I felt like death whenever I get sick. Second, my ear got infected. Which my ear would get better by itself if I was normal, but no, I'm not. Then I get to go to an Ear Nose Throat Doctor and I had a surgery to put a tube in my ear to reduce the swelling and get the infection out. BUT it didn't work. Because my ear decided to over fucking react and it got a cyst wrapped around my middle ear bone. And yeah it feels as great as it sounds. Then I get another surgery on my ear and they take out my middle ear bone. Now I can't hear in my right ear. At all, so that's spectacular. Then I just kept getting sick. So I got to go to a Rheumatologist. It's a fancy doctor for people who have problems with their immune system. And guess what. I got diagnosed with this stupid disease called Wegener's Granulomatosis. Like what the fuck kind of disease is that? No one has ever heard of this disease and I seriously think they just made it up on the spot like let's pull some random words from the dictionary. So now they've put me on Prednisone which is supposed to help me get better and then I have to go through some kind of chemotherapy thing that's supposed to put me in remission. Then literally the next day, I find out that Julian died. My favorite Uncle died of a heart attack, and no one knew until the morning after because his emergency contact was grandma who doesn't know who he is anymore. Or was. I had never seen my dad cry until that day. I felt numb all day. I went to school the next day and I also felt numb and just cried for most of the day. I went to the memorial that Vintage did for him with all of the swim teams and water polo teams and staff that worked with him and a lot of his students. I had the weirdest emotion that whole time. I felt like all the people who were friends and people he worked with who talked, it was like they didn't understand what our family was going through and I didn't want to be there. I felt like it was awkward to be a family member there. I just didn't want anyone to say they were sorry for my loss anymore.

That was a one-two punch from life that I did not need. I'm just trying to enjoy my senior year of high school and life is just like ha-ha fuck you nope. Then the next life punch, it turns out that Prednisone can cause DIABETES in some patients and guess what fucking patient got fucking Diabetes. Yup you guessed it, me. So after the disaster of that I finally went on my infusions for my remission and the first one was awful. I felt like crap the next day at school. I went home because I felt so horrible. Then my body was like what else can we do to fuck up her life. Oh why not just fling a random blood clot in her brain; let's see how she deals with that. Let me tell you, I did not do well. I woke up for school, the day of Winter Formal, my last one as a senior, with the worst headache of my life. I'm not exaggerating I could barely stand up. I tried to take a shower, but the light and the fan made it worse. So I took some Tylenol and went back to sleep. I woke up at noon with my mom shaking me awake asking me if I had eaten anything. No I had not because I was sleeping. She took me to the hospital and they did an MRI, which are super fucking loud, and found the blood clot. I was texting Taynon about it the whole time and I guess a lot of people at Winter Formal were upset and Mrs. Hale and Mr. Baldauf came and visited me which was nice.

Then I got transferred to UCSF where they kept me for a week and gave me really strong pain killers and Shayne and Taynon visited me. Which was nice and all, but you would think that if your friend is in the hospital you would want to go visit, right? But like Shayne and Taynon were the only ones to visit me all week. I just felt like all of my friends suddenly didn't really care about me or like I'm not as close to them as I thought I was which just makes me mad because I've been friends with them for four years and like I've invested a lot of time and effort to be friends with them. Mom and Dad took shifts of staying with me. Mom usually stayed the night and Dad hung out during the day. Aunt Debbie and Uncle Les came to visit me too, which was cool.

The week was hell. I was in ICU for a couple of days and there were crying babies all around me all night long which was very annoying. I also had a dry bath, which if you've never had one, consider yourself lucky. Then I was transferred to a room with another girl around me age and this little girl who was I think under five, she was really cute and I felt so bad that she was in the hospital. Like poor baby who has a throat issue is in the hospital for a surgery and she's so brave and cute. The other girl who was my age never spoke to me and I think she had an issue with her back which sucks. I got a lot of stuffed animals and chocolate and things to do which was nice but all I really wanted was to be out of there. I just wanted to be back in my own bed. When they were releasing me they realized that my IV had started to be infected and now I have a lovely band aid and puss that leaks out of it. I think it's going to scar. Now that I'm out I have to give myself insulin shots every night and I also have to give myself blood thinner shots in my stomach and it really hurts. The needle is so big and it's not just the needle going in, the medicine also hurts when I inject it. I hope I don't have to be on these for very long. I hate them so much. So Christmas is going to be like the worst this year. Also I'm just not super excited for my birthday. I mean it's great that I've made it to this birthday and all, but birthday's are just not going to be the same from now on.

**2013**: 19 almost 20. Well I'm in my second year at the JC, and it just feels like I'm going nowhere any time soon. It feels like I'm just going to be stuck here for a long time and it's so frustrating. I just feel like I'm not doing anything important and I want to further my education but like it's taking forever here. Seeing Emily and Katie going off to Missouri University and Azusa State makes me feel like I'm inadequate and like I haven't done all I needed to do to get to where they are. Also they haven't been texting me or communicating with me like at all which hurts. You know I've been friends with Katie since Kindergarten and Emily since first grade and it just makes me upset that they just like decided one day to stop talking to me for some reason. It doesn't make sense! They still talk to each other and everything; I know I see their Facebook posts to each other. It's like what else could I have done to make these relationships last? I feel like I put everything I could into these friendships and I get nothing back. It's really frustrating. Oh well. When I get out of here it'll be great. I can't wait to move out of my parent's house. And I'm super done with working at Six Flags. I'm so glad I got the new job at the movie theater. It should be fun. At least I know some people who work there like Emily (M) and Makali. I'll get to hang out with them more which is great. Papa hasn't been feeling well, and he's at the hospital which sucks. They don't think he's going to make it much longer. I just hope he makes it through Christmas and my birthday. When he dies I don't know if anyone is going to do the number plates anymore which makes me sad because that's been a birthday tradition since I was like born. Probably even before I was born. It's going to be weird to no longer have any grandpas. I mean it also just feels like I just have one grandma, even though both are still alive. I haven't seen grandma in a while, which I feel like I should go visit her, but she won't know who I am so it feels like there's no point to me going anyway. I see mama all the time because I bring her to her appointments so I'm glad I get to see her a lot even though she can get on my nerves sometimes. Well I guess that's about it. I'm almost 20 which is cool, and weird because I'm almost out of my teens which just seems so crazy that I'm already an adult.

**2015:** 21 almost 22. My first birthday away from home is coming up. It's such a weird thought that at this age, is my first age I won't be home to have a home cooked meal by my dad and I don't have to plan a party that some of my friends will come to. My life has become so completely different in the past five months. Moving away from home, living in a dorm apartment, living with five other girls, being independent and yet not totally independent. It's weird. I'm glad to be home for the holidays though. I missed my dad's cooking, I really missed Trixie and Shadow, and I missed my family a lot, and I missed not being able to see Taynon all the time. Long distance relationships really are as sucky as everyone says. They are the worst. I hate being away from Taynon and being this far for this long just is the worst. I don't know how people do it. I mean I guess I have to do it until I graduate, but it sucks big time.

Anyway, school is... school. I didn't do so great on my grades this semester. I just was not on top of my game and I really needed to buckle down and I did not do that. I'm mad at myself because I know I can do better. Obviously if I can get a 3.0 at the JC, then I can do it here too. I just need to work hard next semester. At least next semester I won't have Satan as a teacher. She-who-will-not-be-named was awful. Like where do you get off by telling a student that they shouldn't be a teacher? Thank you, you awful bitch. Also now that I'm talking about school, I miss the girls. I miss having Randi in our room all the time and being able to hang out with her and the other girls too. I almost can't wait for the new semester to start so that I can see them again. Almost. I think I'll be good during the holidays and seeing everyone and then probably want to pull my hair out by the end of the break.

**2016:** Age 22 almost 23. As I reflect back on this year I have a lot to think about. I think this year I did a lot of growing. I got my grades into shape, I really made myself work at what I needed to do, and I made a lot of decisions about the future. I've decided to go and get my masters degree once I graduate from here. I have chosen a few schools to apply to and that gets me nervous. I think it's because I feel like it's high school again when I applied to colleges and didn't get into a single one because of my GPA. And in high school I knew it was coming. I did, I tried to forget that I didn't have the greatest GPA and I got my hopes up for some reason, and when I got the final rejection letter I cried. I was upset. I was mad at myself and that I couldn't blame anything else but myself. And that was hard to do, really, really hard to do.

I got over it and put myself into the JC and got good grades and really tried hard and I got myself into college. I'm proud of myself for doing that and I cried when I got accepted to every school I applied to. I was so happy. And now that I'm applying to grad schools I can't help but think that the whole high school process is going to happen again. But I can't go to another school after this. I just have to re-apply to grad school for the next year and I don't want to do that. That would break my heart and I would have to move back in with my parents and I'm not ready to do that again. I just hope that all that I've done this semester can help me and prove that I'm ready for grad school.

I'm ready to no longer work minimum wage jobs and be barely scraping by each month. God I'm so done with that. I just want to feel secure for once in my adult life. I hate that I'm not good with money sometimes. I really need to work on that. I have to stop with the impulse buying. It's so terrible for me. Like you would have thought I learned my lesson when I moved in with mama, but no, apparently I haven't. I'm going to try really hard during spring semester though. I need to convince my parents to let me get a credit card. I need to start building up credit and being able to do adult things that I should be doing by now. I'm almost frickin 23. There are so many things I just need to do. Like call the doctor and get my gut figured out. I'm tired of having to deal with issues my body decides to spring on me. I feel like no one understands what I'm going through and I know that's not true but I feel so alone sometimes when it comes to my health.

I feel like Taynon can be a little selfish sometimes when it comes to his feelings about me being so far away. Like dude, I understand, I'm the one who's far away from everyone I know. At least you get to be home with your family, rent free, and get home cooked meals all the time. When he calls me it feels like all he does is complain about how much he misses me and how bad work was and sometimes all I want to do is say, Babe I get it, I really do, but can we talk about anything else, literally anything but you complaining to me about some mundane thing that has happened to you in the past twenty-four hours. I think he can tell sometimes when I just don't want to talk about it. He gets kind of upset when I do that. I feel bad, but also I just sometimes don't want to be on the receiving end of complaint after complaint. Like I have my own problems that are stressing me out and making my life harder, I don't need to hear about yours.

Some of the housemates have not gotten better. I'm really ready to not be in this house for a month for break. I'm keeping my knives and silverware in our room while we're gone. I do NOT trust some of these people. And I think that it's totally reasonable to do that, especially when a new person is moving in at the beginning of January. I have no idea what I want to do for my birthday this year. I am so tempted to do nothing and just watch movies all day with Randi. Maybe go out and get dinner somewhere, but that's it. But I'll see how I feel after break is done. I might not be as tired as I am right now. And I need to save money for spring break. I'm so excited. I hope that if I can get the credit card over winter break then I'll be able to put the airline ticket and the tattoo's on the card and just be able to slowly pay it all back in a timely manner. I can't wait to go to Seattle. It'll be interesting to stay with Maddy for a few days, just the two of us. I don't think we've ever done a trip just us two, or done anything for more than a day with just us. So here's to hoping that goes well. That kinda sums everything up.

Body

Thoughts on the body and trauma's

**Eyes**

The things we look at the world through. They come in a few different colors. I was always told that I was lucky to have green eyes. My dad called my sister and me green eyed monsters. Everybody envies the blue eyes. For some reason a lot of people want blue eyes. No one wants brown. Every time you compliment someone on their brown eyes they say that they're just brown, nothing special about them. There are so many different variations of the brown eyed people though. Carmel, deep brown, dark brown, light brown. All kinds of different browns that are special in their own way.

If you've never needed glasses be thankful. That means you don't have to go to the eye doctor at least once a year. You don't have to wear stupid sunglasses when they dilate your pupils because your dumb ass forgot your sunglasses at home. You don't have to spend money on new glasses, which can either be new lenses, new frames, or both. You don't have to wait in the eye doctor's office for hours just to be told your eyes are fine and you don't need a new prescription. You don't have to constantly clean your glasses all the time because the world is full of filth that somehow always ends up on your glasses. You don't have to wake up in the middle of the night and wonder if that black blob in the corner of the room is a monster or a pile of clothes. You don't have to guess if you've got all the hair off your legs in the shower. You don't have to go through the pain of having the legs of the glasses dig into the backs of your ears after wearing your glasses for too long. You don't have to keep pushing your glasses up on your face when they slip down and almost fall into the meal you're eating.

**Hair**

There are so many types of hair. Thank god. All different kinds, and yet at some point in everyone's life they have some kind of love/hate relationship with their hair. It's this thing that grows on your head and gives a lot of people trouble. Why won't it just be tame and do what you want it to do? All hair almost never does what you want it to do. And if you have colored hair, well then you're either killing your hair or killing your job potential. Who would hire someone with blue hair? You obviously aren't trust worthy in an actual job if you have unnatural hair colors. Since when have we decided that brightly colored hair is synonymous with untrustworthiness? Shouldn't you judge a person on their personality and not what their outside looks like? Hair is hair, we can change it so easily, why does it matter?

Ode to short hair: You are so easy to tame, most of the time. You don't need a lot of product in you, you don't require more than five minutes of dedication in the morning to make you look okay. You also make people question one's identity. If a woman has short hair is it because she just broke up with someone? Is it because she's a lesbian? Is it because she's androgynous? Maybe people should not question why and just let her be.

Ode to long hair: You are much harder to tame. You either need product or a long time in the morning to brush it out so that you are no longer as tangled as you were. You can become so many different styles. There are so many to choose from for you. You also make people question one's identity. If a man has long hair he is assumed to be a greasy, lazy, gamer. Or he's really nerdy or hipster. People want to know why he's growing out his hair. Is it because you just don't want to go to the barber? Is it so that you can look "cool"?

**Puberty**

Fifth grade is when most American children learn about puberty. Girls in one room, boys in another. Watch a few videos about what's happening to your body, learn about HIV/AIDS. This is a packet about what your body will be doing in the next 5-7 years also known as middle school and high school. Now go home and talk about this with your parents. Then your parents think this is a great time for the sex talk. You know because you're growing up and you need to learn about safe sex even though you thought boys had cooties before today. Some girls in your class are already starting puberty because that's how the human body works. Being the first to get puberty sucks. While you look like this weird combination of a child and a woman and you're trying to hide your bra straps from prying fingers, your friends still look the same and feel the same and ask you if you feel changed. Because once you get your period and your boobs you're a woman apparently. When you change you notice slight things now. Your chest has grown a little. But you still feel like a child.

Soon enough it feels like you went through puberty without even noticing it. Since when did you have to buy real bras? Since when did you get cramps and periods every month? Since when did boys no longer have cooties but they're now cute and you want to kiss one? Now when you walk down the street by yourself you need to carry your keys in one hand so that if a guy comes up to you and tries to rape your changing body you'll be protected. Now when you're in shorts and are thirteen it's okay for men to yell out their car windows at you asking for your number. Now if you lose your virginity before college, you're easy, a whore, or asking for it. And if you don't lose it before college you're a prude and probably stuck up. And when puberty ends you feel the same but in a different body and you stop becoming taller and your shoe size is the same for more than four months and you still aren't really sure what puberty is.

**Teeth**

Who doesn't have issues with their teeth when they're growing up? There are very few people who don't have to go through the tortures of braces, or if they can't afford braces then they have to deal with crooked teeth. There are people who have all kinds of contraptions in their mouth. Like an expander, the one with the key that makes your mouth bigger. Or headgear, you either had to wear it at night, or all the time, and it always hurt. Some people have to use rubber bands and those things haunt you way after you've gotten the braces off. The wax is like this stupid joke all orthodontists think is funny. Use it they say, it'll keep the metal from ripping the inside of your mouth apart. And you try it for like ten seconds. Of course it doesn't work, why would it work? Wax and slimy insides of your mouth just are not a pleasant combination. Also you weren't supposed to eat gum, or hard candy, or sticky candy, or popcorn. Of course no kid wants to listen to that so they do and eventually a wire pops out or a bracket pops off and you have to go back to the orthodontist to get it fixed but while you wait the metal scrapes the inside of your mouth even more and "The wax can help keep it in place". Well no thank you, I don't want to gag while I'm trying not to make any more than necessary movements in my mouth.

If you were lucky you only got braces once. Some people are even luckier if they didn't have to have a retainer after braces. Some people get permanent retainers. Like what special hell do orthodontists go to when they put permanent retainers in someone's mouth? Then if you don't wear your retainers all kids wonder what will happen. Will I have to get braces again? Will it be that bad? It's not like my teeth will move that much right? The answers to these questions are as follows: If you have the money because your parents aren't going to pay for a third set of braces for your adult ass, probably because it might go back to what they looked like before you got braces, and yes they do move a surprising amount within a decade. Good luck!

**Scars**

There are so many different scars we carry in our lifetime. Scars from injuries that show on our skin and scars from memories that will not heal like the skin on our bodies. Scars appear from accidents on our skin. There's one on your knee from falling onto gravel a little too hard in the second grade. There's one from hitting a curb and flying off your bike and only managing a nasty scar on your elbow. Another one from cutting the tip of your thumb off when you were two and the people at the hospital sewed it back on for you. Other scars appear on our skin from surgeries. Had a baby and you had to have a c-section so there's a long scar across your tummy. Your ear decided that it no longer wanted to do its job, so they had to remove part of the inside. Your appendix decided it no longer wanted to be on the inside of your body and they had to remove it. Your heart needed a little help doing its job so they put something in to help it along.

The scars of our memories are the hardest to get rid of and the worst to deal with. Skin scars take a couple of weeks or months to heal all the way. Brain scars can take a lifetime to heal. Even if they do become healed they're still there, waiting to be ripped open again. You got raped in your first year at college? Well it might take months to heal that scar, but it's ripped open again and again when they mention that another person was raped on a college campus, when they ask you if you were drunk and what you were wearing, when you decide to tell your family and friends and they ask why you haven't told them yet, when you see your rapist walking around campus and they haven't sentenced them to jail time. Your dad was abusive or an alcoholic? That scar may never heal because you're surrounded by the smell of alcohol, and men raising their voices at you scares you, and it's a social norm to drink but you don't want to lose control and become like your dad because if you become like him you'll never forgive yourself.

**Thighs**

They work hard for you. They help you stand up to the bully and help you sit down in class. They touch each other a lot. Sometimes more than you'd like them to. Especially when it's hot out and they rub themselves raw. They keep you warm, like when your hands get cold and you shove them in between to warm them up. They're full of muscles even though sometimes it just looks like fat in the mirror. They keep you safe when you don't want hands near you.

They sometimes fail you when someone just can't keep their hands off of you and they rip them open to find your center. There are sometimes bruises on them from prying hands and belts that punish. They are the talk of challenges that tell children that theirs shouldn't touch. They are airbrushed so perfect people look more perfect than what is real. They can be covered in cellulite, hair, scars, and wrinkles. Everyone's are different for different reasons that tell their history.

**Stomach**

Mine betrays me all the time. I have never known a time where mine has not betrayed me, or maybe I just don't remember a time where it hadn't. Some are flat, some are round, some look like a pouch, some are hairy, and some are so bare it looks like a brand new baby's skin. Betrayal hurts, when it's part of you. You can't do anything about it but let it happen. How did it happen? When did my stomach go from being this small flat part of my body to this round protruding part that I hate? When did my hatred for my stomach begin? When did I decide that my stomach is my least favorite body part and I should be under constant trial of trying to make it become what it may have never been?

Where did I go wrong? Have I not been eating the right things? What will calm down my stomach from wrenching and stabbing me from the inside? What will make my stomach finally behave like a normal stomach? What does it feel like to not have your stomach constantly growling and rumbling and wrenching and feeling like it just wants to escape your body through your belly button? What does it feel like to not look in the mirror and your eyes go straight towards the bulge or your stomach as you try to suck it in but nothing helps because in your mind you know it's not the real thing and it can't be helped by sucking in. When you suck it in your sucking in hate and awful propaganda that makes you believe that having a flat stomach and abs and not having issues with your stomach is normal and that's what you should be feeling all the time because if you're not then it's not normal and what is wrong with you, you should go work out or something it'll make you feel better.